

O TIME AND CHANGE.

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O that were dear we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen war-her,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Re-
lease
As once in the grass together.

—W. E. Henley.

THE STORY OF RIQUET.

LAST year I spent a few days with a friend, who is a judge of the court at A—, in the lovely country of Provence. We were breakfasting, and I was retailing the gay doings of Paris, when a servant entered and

ave my host a very thick letter.

"Pardon me," said my friend, "I see this comes from the prison, and I must read it at once."

When he had finished he seemed quite depressed, for one who had seen so many human beings sentenced to death without showing the least emotion.

"Read it," he said, throwing me the large missive.

Here are the contents.

Your Honor: My trial is set for tomorrow. I have endeavored to explain my case to the young lawyer who defends me, but from his manner I think my history only amuses him. I am afraid to speak of it to you, and for that reason I write. Pardon the liberty. Believe me, sir, I am an honest man, and not a genuine thief.

I have not always been the poor wretch I am now. In times past I was quite well off. I was by no means the richest man in Sorgas when I married Dilonne, but I was certainly the one most in love. She was so pretty! More than one gentleman envied me on our wedding day. We were very happy. Every evening when I came home, tired of the day's work, just to see her smile seemed to rest me. A little girl, beautiful as the angels, came to crown our happiness. Employment was not lacking, and I worked with a good will. I fear my letter will be very long, but I must give you all the details.

By and by, finding ourselves better off, Dilonne confided to me her ambition. She wanted to own a donkey. She sold butter and eggs in the town, and the distance was long on foot. "With a donkey," she said, "I can easily go to market and take Solange with me." We laid aside five franc pieces for the purchase of our little beast, and one beautiful spring morning we started at 5 o'clock to be first on the field at the County Fair. We walked along gayly under the fresh green foliage, and I can still recall how merrily the money clinked in my pocket. After walking for an hour and a half we arrived at the grounds. We had taken turns carrying little Solange. She was four years old and solid on her tiny feet, but not able to walk such a distance.

There were at least thirty donkeys for sale. I chose one, but Dilonne said it had a wicked look. At last, by careful search, we found a very small one. He was young and had a playful little air as he pawed the ground impatiently with his small hoofs. He had handsome dark eyes and wagged his long ears at every sound. We knew he must be gentle, for Solange, having slipped away to get nearer to him, he patiently allowed her to pat him.

The owner, seeing that the beast suited us, asked forty francs for him. I offered twenty-five. After an hour spent in bargaining, we agreed upon thirty. Toward evening we started for home, the good little animal following us very willingly with Solange on his back. The installation of our new possession was quite an affair, but he appeared to appreciate it all, for from that time I think he really loved us. We named him "Riquet." Every morning at breakfast time he used to come for his bit of bread to the window; his pretty head framed in sweet peas and morning glories, he would rub our hands gently with his nose to express his thanks.

Just as we had planned, twice a week Dilonne went to town with her butter, eggs and fresh vegetables in one basket, and Solange in the other for a counter balance. I could watch them from a long distance as they approached our home, always a little tired.

But there came a day, after three years of continued happiness, when Dilonne could not leave her bed. My poor darling! She had the typhoid fever. Doctors came from town. They cut her beautiful black hair; they put ice on her head; but nothing could save her. She died while attempting to sing a little song. I could have wished to die also, all was so changed for me—but Solange was left. She was growing very fast, and looked exactly like her mother.

On Sundays we two, Solange and I, would go to the cemetery which surrounds our little church, and stay there by the grave until afternoon, when we used to take a walk, the little one mounted on Riquet. Thus, we would

ramble on for a long distance, gathering great bunches of grass for the donkey's supper.

One afternoon—it was during the olive harvest—there were signs of a storm, and the master made us work until daybreak to finish the picking. I could not go home that day or the next, but the following evening I started, happy in the thought of once more seeing Solange. To my great surprise, she did not come to meet me, and on getting nearer our cottage I could see no light in the windows. Trembling with fear, I entered the house. I saw my cherished little girl lying on the bed all dressed. Trembling with fear, I entered the house. The door was open, and Riquet stood at the sill watching her, but only his head was stretched into the room. She was in a burning fever, having caught cold the night before while watching so late for me.

Forgive me, your honor, for telling you all my troubles; but when I saw the poor child so ill, I nearly lost my senses. The fever never left her. She had a thousand fancies. Sometimes she grew pale as the moonlight, her great eyes shining very brightly. Riquet was the only friend who could make her smile. She often had a hard cough, which exhausted her completely and brought two brilliant red spots to her cheeks. She grew weaker and weaker. Nothing seemed to give her any strength. The doctor said very little, but ordered medicines which cost much money. I stayed all day by the side of my little invalid. Soon she could not leave her bed, and then she had many fantastic wishes; she longed for expensive fruit, for toys and flowers. I had no money, and not knowing what to do, I was forced to borrow. How could I refuse my darling?

A neighbor lent me the money, for which he made me sign a note. I would have signed away my hope of a place in Paradise to make Solange happy, to watch her smile, or see a ray of returning health. One afternoon in spring she said to me in the little coaxing voice which I could never resist, "Dear father, I feel well! I want to see the flowers. Will you bring Riquet and put me on him and take me out a little way?"

I wrapped her up warmly. She was as light as a feather. Riquet seemed pleased enough when he felt this tiny burden, and held his ears erect as it to show his good intentions. Solange cried out with joy, she was so glad to be in the fresh air and bright sunshine. Her small hands, which were almost transparent, scarcely held the reins, but Riquet stopped of his own accord at all the best places for her to gather wild roses and sprigs of the hawthorne, which shed its white petals like snow on my little darling.

"Oh, it is so nice here, is it not papa?" As the poor child said this her head dropped. She had a sort of convulsion and fell back on my arm which was about her. She was dead.

The doctor told me he had expected it. They took her from me and I was alone.

As I had not paid back the money I borrowed, and had signed a note for it, they came to my house and seized everything. The Sheriff locked all the closets, fumbled in the bureau drawers, went from cellar to attic and out to the stable, and finally on All Saints' day they held the sale. The auctioneer stood on our large table. From a distance I could see him take each article in his hand and hold it up to view—our china and glass, the clock, my clothes, the baby's cradle—everything was sold. Hidden in a little vine-covered arbor, I watched it all, and I felt my heart breaking as one thing after another went under the hammer. Finally, raising his voice, the auctioneer said, "There is also a young donkey good for work. Is there a buyer for forty francs?"

No one spoke.
"At thirty?"
Not a word.
"Twenty-five?"
Then he said, "Gentlemen, he is worth more than that."

They went to fetch Riquet. He came very slowly, pricking up his long ears, and looking defiance from his eyes. He seemed to realize that he was to be sold, and that for him also happiness was at an end.

"This donkey is offered for fifteen francs, gentlemen!"
"Twenty!" said one.
"Twenty-one!" said another.
"No one bids higher? Gone!" and a burly, red-haired, red-faced farmer claimed him.

Poor Riquet, who had always been so gentle, tried to kick, but his new master struck him with a heavy stick, and dragged him away. I suppose it was very foolish, your honor, but when I saw that I ran off sobbing.

I had to live, so I went to a farmer in the neighborhood, who hired me by the day. I worked like a brute, and that tired me so completely that it kept me from thinking of my grief. At night I slept soundly, but the awakening was terrible, as I realized more and more each day my burden of sorrow.

At the end of a year the farmer's daughter was married, and there was a grand fete at the house; but the sound of the wedding music was a death-knell in my heart. I felt that I must get away from it all.

Quite alone, I walked across the country, and, in spite of myself, I took the road to Sorgas. I swear to you, sir, I had no evil intention in my mind. I went along in a half-dazed manner, feel-

ing that I had grown very old. Life is hard for the poor. Finding myself near the cemetery, I thought I would visit the graves of my wife and child. Not wishing to be recognized, I took a short cut across the fields. The corn-harvest was over, and as I walked I heard the stubble creaking under my feet. All at once, on the other side of a ditch, I saw a donkey, and heard a loud and prolonged bray. Coming closer, I saw it was Riquet, who had recognized me. He stretched his neck as far as his cord permitted, and looked at me with his beautiful eyes wide open. He stopped cropping the grass, and when I was near enough he took my coat very gently between his teeth and shook his head several times. I caressed him and sat down to look him well over. I found him much abused. On his back were sores made by wearing too heavy a saddle. His legs were covered with bloody scratches, and his coat, formerly so glossy, was now all rough and rusty. Poor Riquet! He laid his pretty head on my knees at the same time looking behind me to see, if by chance, I had a morsel of bread hidden away from him—an old trick of his. It was the meeting of old friends after a long absence, but as evening approached we were forced to part. Taking Riquet by the head, I said good-by, turning back once for a farewell look. I had scarcely gone a hundred steps when I felt a knock on my back. It was poor Riquet. He had broken his halter to follow me. I swear to you, your honor, I meant to take him back and tie him securely, but while I was leading him, he look at me so sadly that I fairly lost my strength. I saw, as in a dream, the happy morning when Dilonne and I set out to buy our donkey, taking with us little Solange.

"Do not leave me, I am so unhappy," his large, plaintive eyes seemed to say, and his look of misery filled me with pity. Then I was seized with a sudden folly, and I said to him, with a little creaking noise, that he knew well "Come!" Still holding him by the halter with my hands, we started and ran like voracious thieves. We both seemed to have renewed our youth. I ran, thinking only that I had regained a little of my lost happiness. I do not know how far we had gone when I heard a voice calling after me.

Instead of stopping I ran all the faster. Riquet leading, and fairly dragging me after him. It was a wild chase, the earth fairly flying from under our feet! I was breathless, but could still hear the voice behind us carried on the wind. The blood was ringing in my ears, and my breath stopped in my throat. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand grasp my shoulder, and a coarse voice said "Thief!" It was all that the man could say, for he, too, was at the end of his strength. At last he gained his breath, and as we were nearing a village he made an effort to call some men who were drinking at a tavern. He still held me by the collar, but had taken the halter out of my hand. Riquet no longer led the way. He was hauled along, and had a tricky look in his eye. The men answered the call, and as the grasp which was choking me relaxed, I recognized the man who had bought Riquet.

Two officers prevented my escape. A crowd collected, and I had nothing to say in self-defense. The farmer told of my wild flight, which, of course, aggravated the offense. Your Honor, I assure you, Riquet seemed to comprehend it all! They put me in prison, and my donkey in the pound, to await the trial. I only ask of you to give orders that Riquet shall be well cared for. This is the whole story. I am guilty. In fact, we are both of us guilty. But I still maintain I am not a genuine thief.

Respectfully, your servant,

Jose.

"I shall not leave until after this trial," I said to my friend. "I wish to hear your judgment in the case of this poor fellow."

"There is something better than that, which you can do," he replied. "I am not at liberty to do it, but you can find this farmer who claims the donkey. If you pay him the price of the donkey and a small sum in addition, that will end it all."

No sooner said than done! For 100 francs I could have the animal then and there, and the man was only too glad to withdraw the complaint.

We returned Riquet to his first master. One looked as happy as the other. I have since seen them peacefully living together, going from village to village selling small wares. True friends are rare.—Romancista.

The Common Mandrake.

A great many people are unacquainted with our common mandrake. It has a white, waxy bloom, with pale-yellow stamens, which is about two inches across. It has a rich, aromatic fragrance, and altogether is one of the most beautiful wildflowers our woods yield. You may easily pass by the plant in your woodland rambles, as the blossom is almost hidden by the enormous umbrella-like leaves. The name of "May-apple" is given to the fruit, which ripens, however, in July, and is sweet and edible. There is an old superstition that when you pull the root of the mandrake it utters a cry like that of a human voice. So strong was once the force of this superstition in Connecticut and elsewhere that it was a bold woman who would undertake the task.—New York Tribune.

A hot spring in Boise City, Idaho, supplies heat to many of the dwellings.

THE OIL CRAZE RECALLED.

ROMANCE OF THE VALLEY OF OIL CREEK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The First Discoveries and Wonderful Development—Scenes of a Quarter of a Century Ago.

OIL CREEK, which brought such dire calamity to Pennsylvanians living within the valley through which it finds its way to the Alleghany River, has a strange, eventful history. A little more than one-quarter of a century ago people were rushing there on the tide of wild excitement and speculation, making and losing fortunes in a single day. Cities rose as if by magic, progressing for a time, then gradually disappearing, until, like Babylon, not a vestige of the towns remain. These "cities" were the civic wonders of the world, and a story of the rise and fall of many of the towns along the "creek" would read like a romance of Jules Verne or a tale of the Arabian Nights.

Titusville was the fountain head of operation in the early oil excitement. At the time of drilling the Colonel Drake well, the first artesian oil well ever bored into the ground, Titusville was a straggling village of fifty to seventy buildings with a population of less than three hundred people. Previous to 1849 or 1850 all the oil which had been gathered from the oil springs found along Oil Creek was offered to the people as possessing medicinal qualities, and a druggist by the name of Biers, residing in Pittsburg, prepared this oil in bottles ornamented with lithographed wrappers representing the good Samaritan turning out the oil to the invalids of humanity. The first oil gathered on the "Creek" sold as high as \$1 to \$1.50 per gallon. Titusville subsequently began to increase in importance. In 1870 its population was 10,000, and by 1874 it probably contained a population of over 13,000. The decline of the oil field on Oil Creek did not materially affect Titusville, though it now contains but about 8000.

Sunday, August 25th, 1859, oil was discovered in the Drake well. From that time commenced the development of the oil territory along Oil Creek, the richest oil producing section that the world has ever known. The news of "striking oil" at the Drake well spread with great speed through all sections of the country. Companies were organized, and people from far and near began gathering about the section, leasing land or buying it, whichever they could do, until between Titusville and Oil City the valley was dotted with thousands of derricks.

In the early development of the oil industry the fluid was found within 145 to 175 feet of the surface, but it was not until 1863 or thereabouts that the "third sand" developments had been discovered. On the Stackpole farm, next below the Drake well, Orange Noble began drilling a well early in 1860. At that period the "spring-pole" was used to drive the drill, and this process was usually termed "kicking down" a well. The Stackpole farm had been secured on a lease, the stipulation being that the lessee should at once begin operations, testing the territory to a depth of 134 feet. The well reached this depth late in 1860 with no show of oil, and was shortly after abandoned. The property could have been purchased for far less than the expense of putting down the well. In 1863 oil had been found in large quantities in the "third sand" strata, and Mr. Noble in connection with George B. Delemater, again took up the abandoned enterprise, and the well was drilled to a depth of 452 feet, at which depth the oil rock was reached. A "crevice" was discovered ten or twelve inches in depth. The owners had some trouble in securing tubing, but in due time it was received, in a roundabout way, and after a few minutes' pumping, the well began flowing oil and water, throwing a stream higher than the derrick. Mr. Noble despatched men on horseback down the Creek to notify boatmen that they could have oil at \$2 per barrel. The following day one hundred boats lay in Oil Creek near the well, being filled with oil from a tank connected with the well. Fifty men were employed day and night constructing seven and eight hundred barrel tanks. All the tanks that could be secured in the vicinity were being filled. In the first twenty-four hours nearly three thousand barrels of oil were taken from the well and the average was over two thousand barrels daily for over ten months! During the first year nearly one million barrels were secured from this well, averaging \$4 per barrel, and even the first month's shipments quoted 61,300 barrels, with 15,000 barrels stored in the tanks and one-half as much more wasted. It is pretty safe to say that the Noble well's inception oil rose from \$4 up to \$10, then to \$12, even some of the product of this wonderful well yielding the owners \$13 per barrel.

At one time in the '60's the valley of Oil Creek, between Titusville and Oil City, a distance of eighteen miles, must have contained a population of nearly seventy thousand people—people of all castes and conditions of life. Petroleum Centre assumed the proportions of a city. With its floating population it must have often held within its confines more than twelve thousand people. It knew

no night of rest, although it contained more than fifty hotels. Over one hundred drinking and gambling dens prospered. The present population of Petroleum Centre is probably less than one hundred and fifty.

Below Petroleum Centre was the famous Widow McClintock or Steele farm. Mrs. McClintock was burned to death while attempting to kindle a fire with crude oil. The farm fell to her adopted son, John W. Steele, afterward known throughout the country as "Coal Oil Johnny." At one time this man's wealth was almost fabulous. Thousands of barrels of oil were being produced from the farm. Wells were located upon it flowing from six hundred to one thousand barrels of oil daily. At about this time crude oil was bringing from \$8 to \$10 a barrel, and Steele's royalties were enormous. It has been said that his income was at one time \$5 a minute! This, without doubt, was an exaggeration. But at least his income amounted to thousands of dollars each week. He became a prodigiate spendthrift. He would purchase a hotel in order to turn some guest out of a favorite room which he wished to occupy. He presented a cab-driver in Philadelphia with a handsome carriage and a splendid team. But the McClintock wells began to decline. One after another went dry. The property passed out of the hands of Steele. His income ceased. Again he found himself poorer than when oil was found upon his land. "Coal Oil Johnny" subsequently drifted to Nebraska, where he became, I believe, an agent for a reaper company.

The amount of oil produced in the Oil Creek Territory will never be known. In ten years more than 60,000,000 barrels must have been taken from the valley. Thousands upon thousands of barrels were wasted in one way and another. If in ten years the amount of oil produced, on an average, \$4 per barrel—and the average of 1862 to 1870 was \$4.30—we should have a grand total of over \$200,000,000 as the value of the entire production for a field which produces very little oil, and which has been so recently devastated, causing so great a loss to life and property.—Boston Transcript.

WISE WORDS.

Love puts thorns on friendship.
Jealously is love turned upside down.
Men measure love by time; women by eternity.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.

A jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.

Young men think old men fools and old men know young men to be so.

The wages of sin is more readily collected than any other that can be earned.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, but very few a generous thing.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

Getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

There is no man so friendly as what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.

If fortune wishes to make a man estimable, she gives him virtue; if she wishes to make him esteemed, she gives him success.

Grief sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom troubles itself about the former and makes the latter either effeminate or frivolous.

It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

Business Part of the White House.

The business part of the White House has been entirely remodelled by President Harrison. Private Secretary Halford has the small room at the southeast corner, and the President has taken the room which Dan Lamont used to occupy, which was the office of President Lincoln. The other rooms further on beyond the one in which the Cabinet meets are all large and airy, and they are fitted up for the living rooms of the family. In the President's business office you will find a half dozen clerks, and you can reach out your finger and touch any part of the world. There is a telegraph operator whose key is connected with the cable and telegraph wires of the United States, and there is a clerk who does but little else than attend to the newspapers, and the President gets his papers from everywhere, and all the leading journals are to be found here. In one large room there are a number of clerks, and among these is Colonel Crook, the Cashier of the White House, and there are numerous typewriters and other employes. There is an elevator in the White House, and, all in all, the old Mansion is packed full of interesting things.—Courier Journal.

An oil painting constantly hung in a dark place loses some of its vividness, and therefore depreciates in value.